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The

LEHIGH · REVIEW

November 1934

Included in this Issue

DEAN CHARLES MAXWELL McCONN
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FIFTY-TWO FIFTY
RESEARCH AND LEHIGH
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NOVEMBER, 1934

A serious magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh
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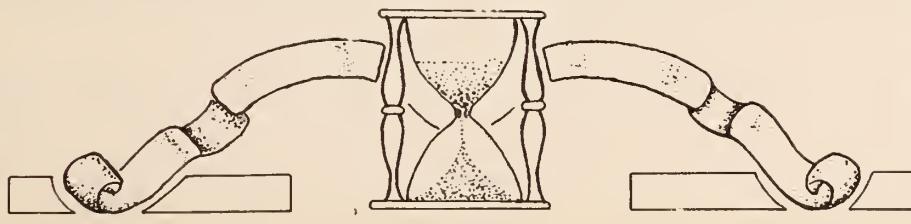
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Charles Maxwell McConn

Dean Charles Maxwell McConn

by WALTER L. FINLAY

In 1931, after having been Lehigh's Dean for eight years, Charles Maxwell McConn sat down and wrote: "There is a man at the College called the Dean, who attends to the students and is very severe and thinks altogether about studies."

Then he must have smiled—and smiled broadly. For Dean McConn was writing the diary of a freshman whose firm conviction, "Studies are not everything!" was to be the title of the Dean's good-natured satire on "Rah!-Rah!" college life.

Moreover his smile was amply justified, for only a Dean can realize how absurd a misconception some students have of his functions and personality. It is true enough that the Dean "attends to the students" but to label him as "very severe" and as one who "thinks altogether about studies" is a libel indeed.

He can, however, readily assume this character when circumstances demand it. Dean McConn was born in Ironton, Ohio and, when occasions such as the Lafayette fracas last year arise, he can land on the malefactors like a ton of iron. And that, as last year's unfortunates can tell you, is a good deal harder than the proverbial ton of bricks.

"It is a mistaken notion," said Dean McConn in reference to this, "that the Dean's office chiefly handles disciplinary cases. An average day brings me between thirty and fifty interviews. Of these perhaps only one or two in a week concern fairly serious disciplinary matters.

"The greater part of my work is advisory, that is, talking over such things as courses, professions, and the many kinds of difficulties an undergraduate manages to get into. In a very large majority of cases it is a distinct pleasure to meet and talk with them. That personal contact, in fact, I consider to be the best part of my work."

Mothers seem to realize this respect of the Dean's position more than the students and every new term brings him several students' laundry cases—which he has delivered—and, once, at the beginning of a sharp cold spell, an anxious mother called Dean McConn on the phone from a distance of fifty miles to urge him to make sure that her boy changed to his "heavyes." And you can bet your B. V. D.'s that Dean McConn saw that he did it too!

Thus the phrase, "a mellowed diplomat with paternalistic prerogatives," is one which probably best sums up

the character of a successful dean. He is father confessor, advisor, judge, jury and executioner all rolled into one. That, substantially, is Dean McConn's function here at Lehigh and his whole career, which has been entirely in the field of education, has fitted him for it.

After receiving his B. A. and M. A. from the University of Minnesota in 1903 and 1904, Dean McConn became its principal. From there, always in close contact with both the students and the administration, he moved up to the position of registrar at the University of Illinois and then became assistant to the president.

In 1923 Dean McConn left this position to become Lehigh's first dean and he brought to his new office an active interest in the field of progressive education. In fact, outside of Lehigh, Dean McConn is best known as a progressive educator and as the author of numerous articles on this subject in such magazines as the *New Republic* and the *North American Review*.

He is the secretary of the Executive committee of the Commission on the Relations of Schools and Colleges of the Progressive Educational association.

"Through the efforts of this association," said Dean McConn, "thirty selected secondary schools have reorganized their entire program of studies along progressive lines emphasizing student interest, independent work, and educational guidance.

"Further, it has secured the cooperation of 300 colleges and universities, among them being Lehigh, to accept the graduates of these institutions for a period of least five years. Inasmuch as the first students trained under this system did not enter college until the fall of 1933, no definite conclusions can as yet be drawn."

Newspapermen who delight in telling their readers what a famous man likes for breakfast usually get around to his favorite recreation and, more often than not, it is reading detective stories. Dean McConn goes such men one better. He writes them!

Several years ago Dean McConn took himself a pen name which, he protests in the best underworld witness manner, he has since forgotten. Under this pseudonym he wrote six detective stories of about 5,000 words each and published them in a certain wood-pulp paper magazine. And so, it is quite possible that the small boy who breathlessly raced through one of the Dean's dime thrillers ten years ago just as breathlessly scans a communication from the Dean's office today for the same reason—to see "how it ends up."

Fifteen Years In The Anthracite

Edited by WALTER L. FINLAY

T is Lehigh's proud boast that the production of two thirds of the annual steel tonnage, and the mining of one half of the annual anthracite coal tonnage in the United States are done under the direction of Lehigh graduates. Many of these Lehigh great and near-great have turned in Mining 20 reports, but in all the years that Prof. Howard Eckfeldt, head of the mining engineering department, has received them, never has been given one with as much excellent literary flavor and downright human interest as the one submitted by Nicholas Walter Kotanchik, E. M. '34.

Kotanchik graduated with honors last June and his life had many elements in it which were similar to the first dozen chapters of an Horatio Alger story. The title of his report, "My Fifteen Years in the Anthracite," indicates the bitter struggle he went through before he was able to come to Lehigh, and his wide practical experience and maturer years—he was 29 when he graduated—made his position more like that of a colleague than of a student to Professor Eckfeldt.

Since his life had been so intimately bound up with the anthracite industry, Kotanchik exercised his latent literary ability and the opportunity afforded by the Mining 20 requirements to write his autobiography in with the report to his teacher and friend, "Skipper" Eckfeldt.

* * *

Catholicism drove me out of the halls of Lincoln Grammar School into the confines of murky coal breakers, is the way Kotanchik starts his Mining 20 report. Catholicism drove my parents off their ancestral lands in Austria into the back-wash coal regions of Pennsylvania. How? you ask. Simply because Catholicism refused to recognize birth control.

Thus, generation after generation hugged that eredo to its breast, and, as a result, divided and subdivided for centuries the paternal lands over in Austria. So

many divisions and subdivisions had been made through the centuries that upon the death of my grandfather further partition was out of the question. As a result, my father and his brother, in the year 1892, left the paternal home and came to America leaving behind my mother and eldest brother, John.

In America, my father settled near Shamokin, Pennsylvania, saved his earnings, built a home and sent for his family in 1895. Our family grew until finally, when the number in our family equalled the number of hours on the clock, I was forced out of the halls of Lincoln Grammar School into the halls of murky coal breakers because gaping mouths had to be fed and half-clad bodies had to be clothed. Thus, after no more mortgages, the proceeds of which would cancel pressing store bills, could be pinned on the old homestead, one evening in February 1917 it was decided at the kitchen table—serving as the dining and conference table at the same time—that Walter, then in his second year of a three-year high school course, should be permitted to complete his education and that I should temporarily leave

school and go to work.

Work was plentiful at that time because of World War prosperity. My father accompanied me to Justice Culton's office, helped me convince the Justice my thirteenth birthday the preceding December was my sixteenth and induced the principal of Lincoln Grammar School to send no truant officer for me because the Kotanchik family was in dire financial straits. Thus, with no breakers other than coal breakers ahead, I departed from the eighth grade of grammar school into the slate-picker's grade of the Enterprise Coal Company's Coal Washery.

I began working March 3, 1917 as a slate picker in the washery of the above coal company.

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Nicholas W. Kotanchik, E. M. '34

Fifty-Two Fifty

by JOHN R. McCOMB

September 15, 1934.

Dear Mother,

Gosh so much has happened since that morning you and Pop and Flossie and Anabelle drove me to Whites junction and put me on the train for Lehigh that it seems two years ago instead 2 weeks. And on account of because I did not write to you before I am going to tell you all that has happened to me.

My letter to the coach must not have got here for there was no one at the train to meet me which would not have been the case did he know my record as end at Highton high last year. But I remembered what you told me about everything at college being maybe different from what I had been used to and as how there might be disappointments in storar for me until I got to be better knoan, so I did not wait for anybody but went and looked for a room.

Well, that afternoon I went and looked for the coach at the gym which is on a hill like most of the other buildings at Lehigh but he was not around and a cross guy in the little office at the gym who looks like old farmer Gretz asked me why did I want to see the coach and when I told him who I was and why I wanted to see the coach his manner changed at once and he stopped calling me Bub and says Mr. Whit the coach is in a conference with the dean but he left word for you to come right over to the administration building when you got here.

When I got over to the administration building I got into a room where there was a long counter and behind the counter there were a lot of girls setting at desks talking and powdering their noses and laughing. I remembered what you had told me about not speaking to girls who I had not met before but because I wanted to find the coach I asked one how to get to the deans office who was real pretty and looks like Miss Maynard at the Highton library with black hair and eyes.

She smiled at me awful nice and told me how to get to the deans office which was just on the other side of the hall from the office which I was in which was the registers office and I hurried to go over to the deans office for I was feeling kind of dizzy on account maybe that I had not slept much the night before.

Well, the dean was in but the coach was not there and after the dean said something about it being customary at college to rap on peoples doors which I did

not understand I told him about the appointment I had with the coach.

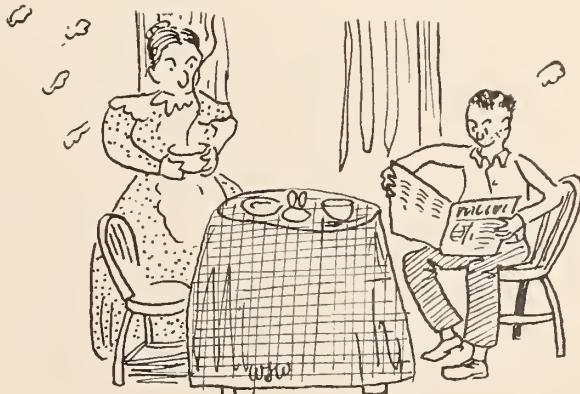
The dean who is Mr. McConn smiled and said that probably because the coach was new this year he was excited and not on to the ropes and the appointment had slipped his mind but that maybe it was a good thing that I spoke to him first for there was certain things he had in mind to discuss with me.

Then for about an hour the dean talked to me about the studies that I would have to take to be an engineer like pop wants me to, but most of what he said I do not remember because he used such big words except I remember something about my high marks in chemistry and algebra at high being why I was able to come to Lehigh but that my english if I was going to be even an engineer would have to improve.

After the dean finished talking about studies he told me not to pay too much attention to football but he was smiling and I knew he was only kidding for he probably had heard about my record as end at Highton and was trying to encourage me to keep up the good work and then he told me to run along but to be sure and register up at Packer hall the next day.

Well for two days I was so busy registering that I did not have time to see the coach and even have not had much time to eat for when you go up to register they give you long sheets of questions and cards and blanks and you must write answers and see teachers and then change what you have written until when you finally go to bed at night you can't stop answering questions but

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"Hey, Ma, what's a voigin?"

Ex-Ski Fighter

by SIDNEY J. LEWIS

DON'T ask William Stauth any more questions about his life and the war. He found no fun in telling what follows. After all, the only way he could show the extent of the wound he suffered was to tear apart the thin scar-tissue, not long formed. His experience was not beautiful. Neither is his story.

William Stauth is bigger than his story. In Eckley B. Coxe lab we can find him—he is a mechanic at the mining laboratory. Let's ask that distinguished-looking professor in a basement demonstration room if he is on duty this afternoon. But we've made a mistake; this man is Stauth. He might have been a professor though, with his air of quiet intellectual dignity. His eyes betray a calm and orderly intelligence, a spirit more commonly associated with teachers than mechanics. Yes, he might have been a professor . . .

He studied chemistry before he studied murder. He hunted geological specimens in the Alps, before he hunted men there. The University of Zurich claimed him as a matriculate before the Reich claimed him as a conscript. Among the beautiful grounds and buildings of Zurich, Stauth led a peaceful academic life, pointing toward a secure professional future that seemed as certain as tomorrow. Often with his companions he made long trips into the nearby Alps and attained a proficiency in mountain climbing and skiing that marked him for later use. Just think, he could shoot from swift-gliding skis; he could fight from snow-tipped mountains.

You know what happened. The French refused to die in big enough numbers to let the Germans rush Paris unchecked. German G. H. Q. needed men and even German engineering students in Switzerland were allowed to save the *Vaterland*—from not conquering the world. Stauth was called, but it was not cowardice that made the gun he bore doubly heavy. Clearly he saw his country the aggressor, and he did not consider his part fighting. "When my country is being attacked, then I fight for her gladly," he still says, "but when she is the attacker, then I don't want to fight."

He fought, however, from 1914 to 1918, and managed to keep somewhat alive during those dreary years. Back in his *Gymnasium* days he had received artillery training, but his first assignment after the start of the war was to the infantry in Munich. From there he was

shifted to a mountain training camp, where he helped train a battalion for Alpine service. Authors, doctors, scientists, and teachers were his pupils. They had enjoyed skiing and mountain life as vigorous recreation; now their pleasure was to pay dividends—short lived dividends.

His was the first mountain division to meet those of France and Italy, which had long been in service. When they advanced to the front, the French, with customary courtesy, erected huge signs along their trenches saying "Welcome to the Alpine Battalion." The French then proceeded to have a great deal of fun with the Alpine Battalion.

Their sector was near Verdun. Here it developed that the intensive training period in the mountains was virtually wasted, for an appalling majority of the original group were soon found to be permanently indisposed, owing to inadvertent contact with small scraps of flying metal. There were still plenty of reinforcements, but they were young and green, and less conversant with the arts of mountain travel. Assuming a more sea-level character the group became the Flying Battalion, and flitted in and around the Argonne, Somme, and Metz, specializing in the handling of unusually recalcitrant enemy sections.

Stauth will never forget the siege of Mount Voiquois, later christened "The Mountain of Death" by American troops. Its top is a narrow plateau, almost too narrow to hold the French and German trenches. But they were there, within hallooing distance, among other things.

To the rear of the German lines the side of the mountain was so steep that the trench could not be reached by climbing to the peak. Tunnels were dug up through the cliff to give access to the fortifications. The most convenient entrance was through an abandoned well.

Most fun in this private little war was the game of Blow-Up-Your-Neighbor, which here developed a peculiar state of perfection. The object was to undermine the enemy trench and then dynamite it. Often the men were quite unnerved by hearing vigorous drilling going on underneath them. They were a great deal more unnerved when the drilling stopped.

Daintily charming, too, is the story he tells of a group

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Zurich Technical School

by CARL COLLANDER



Main Building

In the September Scribner's Lehigh was highly lauded for taking first place honors in the senior examinations in Engineering and Business and second in Arts of all the colleges in the state. It has been Lehigh's policy to encourage a broad education for its engineering students, and with the excellent facilities of the Arts and Business Colleges, the student can follow almost any bent towards which his inclinations lead him.

Lehigh is one of the pioneers in the belief that engineers should have a broad engineering training coupled with a cultural education. Of all the first rate engineering school in the country, Lehigh is conspicuous in affording excellent cultural opportunities for its engineers.

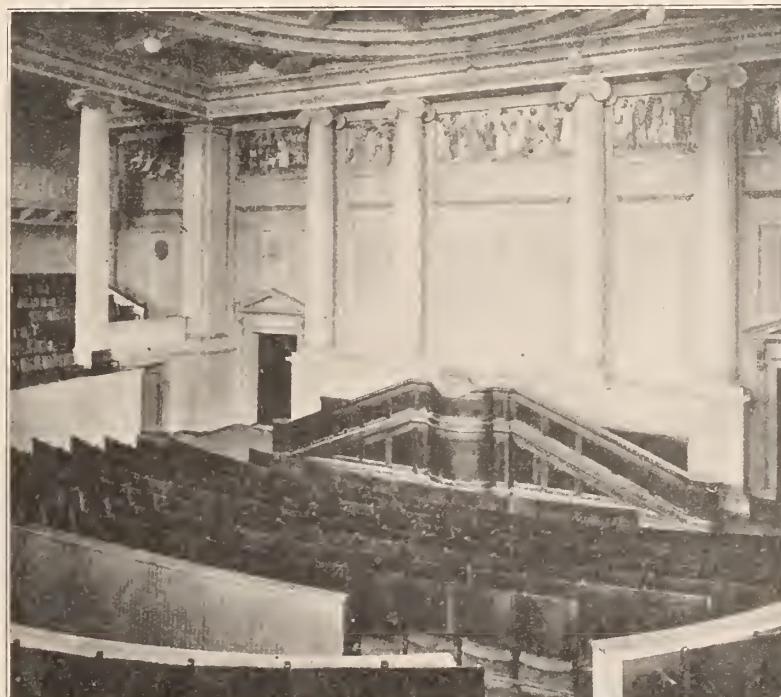
Let us see how the world renowned Swiss Federal Technical School at Zurich views the matter of cultural courses for engineers. The Federal Technical School is regarded by many as the best tech-

nical school of Europe, or for that matter, of the world.

The Federal Technical School has its roots in culture. Prior to its founding in 1854, a movement in Switzerland to bring into existence a federal university was defeated because it was feared such an institution would be too serious a competitor to the local universities situated in the cantons. A federal technical school was acceptable, and to pacify the adherents of the federal university, a special department was to be devised which should represent the cause of culture and counteract the gross materialism which some feared would characterize the new school.

The Federal Technical School is divided into eleven more or less independent divisions, ten of which form the so-called "special schools." These are the School of Architecture; the School of General Engineering, which includes Structural Engineering, Road and Railroad Engineering,

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Auditorium

Research and Lehigh

by DAVID W. HOPPOCK

THE object of a university is the advancement of knowledge, but to disseminate the knowledge it has gained is not a necessary part of the obligation of a university. A university may be a university without doing any teaching; it cannot be one without doing any research.*

Thus speaks and writes Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago and youngest and most progressive college leader in the country. He has even proposed to consolidate his university, Chicago, with Northwestern, so that Chicago may be devoted exclusively to research, and the "burden" of educating the youth fall to Northwestern, which is better suited for the purpose.

Is Lehigh, in her conservatism, falling behind modern educational trends in this respect? The casual observer, hearing of no cosmic discoveries emanating from Lehigh — such publicity-compelling pronouncements as those concerning heavy water or new stellar discoveries—might answer, "Yes." Upon second thought, he might modify his answer with the statement that the Chemistry department has been furthering developments in the paint and leather industries. However, he is not aware of the fact that every department, in fact almost every member of the Lehigh faculty, is continually contributing to the store of human knowledge. These contributions range from immediately important and news attracting developments in the gamma-ray testing of metals to long time studies in the field of education and psychology, which take years to complete, but which are equally important in their respective fields.

Everyone is aware of the fact that Dr. Long last year added to the knowledge of chemical engineering processes, but how many realize that Professor Ford is working upon an experiment in vision which may change the present concept of visual reactions. The head of the psychology department is making an investigation of the "after sensation of spectral red."

Other experiments in the same department cover such topics as time and motion studies, which are immediately applicable in industrial engineering, and a study of license plate visibility. Dr. Harris published in the May

issue of the *Journal of Social Psychology* the results of his investigations into the relation of the factors of age, occupation, and residential propinquity of couples applying for marriage licenses. Unscrambled, it was a study of whether or not, and why, to "Love Thy Neighbor." These and other experiments are continually being worked upon by this one small department.

The controlling organization in back of these and other investigations is the Lehigh Institute of Research. Created by an act of the Board of Trustees on April 25th, 1924, it was organized to encourage and promote scientific research and scholarly achievement in every division of learning represented in the organization of the University.

The late great scientist, Charles Steinmetz, stated just before he died that he had always felt it important to publish the results of his investigations so that "others may begin where I have left off." The Lehigh Institute of research undertakes the publication of the results of the work of its investigators in a series of bulletins, the total number of which has now passed the one hundred mark.

Research fellowships have been established by outside organizations as a means for encouraging research and at the same time giving to promising men an opportunity for advanced study. The first fellowship was that of the New Jersey Zinc Company and it is known as the New Jersey Zinc Company's Research Fellowship in Science and Technology. Similar fellowships have since been founded. In all of them, the graduate students devote one half of their time to research and the other half to their own studies.

Four of these research fellows, for instance, work in the Fritz Engineering Laboratory under Professor Inge M. Lyse, who himself is Research Associate Professor of engineering materials. With the help of Norman Schreiner, American Bureau of Welding Research Fellow, Professor Lyse has been studying welded seat angles in structural design. Current results have already been presented before the American Welding Society.

With Douglas Stewart, Garrett Linderman Hopps

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*Journal of Higher Education, Oct. 1934.

More Damn Fun

LAST year Lehigh had the rare good fortune over Houseparty week-end to share the Hotel Bethlehem with the National Convention of Be-Thou-Pures, or some such group. Saturday morning found the old boys deploring with uplifted arms the degeneracy of the younger generation with particular emphasis on Lehigh students. One delegate was particularly incensed about the carryings-on next door. He didn't get a wink of sleep all night and was hopping mad in the morning. He ranted and raved for hours only to find out at noon that his gay young neighbors were none other than the Bishop's chauffeur and a misguided member of the renowned Bethlehem younger smart set. All this doesn't prove anything at all except, perhaps, that you can't believe what you hear about houseparty and that Lehigh men haven't got an option on Hell.

Even in the good old days, when males wore high collars and females a great deal more than they do now, the youngsters had their fling. In 1890 Bethlehem was still a summer resort with boating and beer its distinct attractions. Three sets of revelers, one fine moon-lit night, decided to combine the two. After a fine edge was secured, the group stole down to the waterfront with a keg of beer, pushed off in a flat-bottomed boat and set sail for Lafayette. They hadn't gotten very far down the river before the Bethlehem police discovered the nocturnal sailors. They followed on horseback and threatened the lads from



both shores. In reply they received nothing but a reserved, 1890, raspberry. Finally, using constabulary strategy, they decided to intercept the fugitives by means of a rowboat down the river. The boats met, beer flew, one happy student and two far from happy officers fell overboard. All three girls were drenched through to their sixth petticoat. The police exercised their usual courtesy by allowing their hostages to dry off in the community hoose-gow before Saturday breakfast.

In 1924 one big time lassie from New York was insulted by an invitation for a week-end. She sent a tart refusal maintaining that she'd be damned if she'd ride for three days in a stage coach in order to spend two days in a hick town. Her pursner replied that it wasn't quite as bad as all that — the trip took only a day and a half. To make a long story short she finally accepted with a reminder to hang the red flag out at the station. Came Friday afternoon. Came the date. To her cosmopolitan embarrassment she was confronted by a straw hat and a pair of blue overalls, an old horse and an older buggy, in the midst of which was her bewhiskered escort. Then began a pompous tour through the sylvan glens of old South Mountain. Poor Beverly was horrified, but the experience must have done her good for she lived to become the pride of the campus and equal to the grandest Roman of them all.

Speaking of Romans — there's the sad tale of the collegiate nudist who almost starved to death in a fraternity closet. As you must know, after four o'clock Friday in some houses the second floor becomes No-Man's Land. The hero of our yarn was incautious enough to make one last reconnaissance for a pair of trousers when it was dangerously close to the zero hour. Needless to say he was patrolling without benefit of said garment. While he was delving in the closet a pair of early arrivals strolled in, and, being a gentleman, he discreetly closed the closet door. In time the girls finished dressing and went downstairs, but additional females

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Beach-Comber

by MELVIN

WHOMO is there (especially among students) who hasn't dreamed, after seeing travelogue movies and plays, of sailing away to some tropical land, where responsibility to others and to one's self mean little or nothing, and leading the life of a beach-comber? White-capped breakers rolling in from a sea of cerulean blue to a glistening white coral beach, and behind that the deep greens of palms swaying in a soft breeze. Warm nights with a great moon and stars so near that one can almost touch them, the Southern Cross, most significant of all, green calm below, blue quietness above. It is a life devoid of responsibilities or long discomfort, an utterly purposeless life so far as the world is concerned, but a life of peace and contentment for him who has chosen it.

Not many have answered the call of such a life. Most of us no doubt feel a worldly responsibility or too keen a love for competition to take such dreams seriously over a long period of time. But among those who have answered the call are all classes, all types, and all nations. And, too, one would be quite safe in saying that very few of these men have ever left such a life after having once tasted deeply of it. I have known Americans of nearly all classes, well mannered and educated Englishmen, and a Negro, and have read and heard of many others who lead this dreamful life of a beach-comber, but have never heard of one who willingly changed, except in romantic novels or movies.

While sitting in a theater in Manila one warm afternoon waiting for the picture to begin, a little gray-haired old man came in, looked around, and seeing me there — the only white person in the theatre — came and sat down beside me. Without waiting a moment he began talking as if he had met an old friend. He was cleanly dressed in white drill and his face was nearly as brown as that of a native. He showed little sign of the age he must have been from what could be gathered from his conversation. All through the movie he talked, sometimes about the picture, but principally about himself. He had found a willing listener. He had come to the Islands during the Spanish-American War and had stayed: seeing no reason for returning to America to spend the rest of his life working, worrying about fuel bills and feeding a hungry family, and trying to balance the individual load of a democratic government on his shoulders. He had gone to a little island south of Manila and had found a native wife. Her relatives had helped him build a comfortable little house on the beach, surrounded by all the riches of the tropics. Cocoanuts, papaya, mangos, mangosteens, guavas, chicos, and countless other fruits grew wherever they could find room for their roots. He planted some edible bananas, corn, cacao and coffee to give variety to his diet. By sharing with the natives, he soon learned that he could get them to help greatly with the work to be done and he was soon

Vignettes

S. LORD

living happily with them. In a few years time, he had established himself as quite an aristocratic beach-comber, doing almost no work, sleeping whenever he liked on a grass mat in the shade of some tree, or perhaps strolling or dreaming on the beach — doing all the things we usually picture in the life of a beach-comber. He lived with his native wife and mestizo children, who were fast growing up to take what little work he had off his hands. He sold enough copra to traders to buy his clothes and a few necessities. He was an easy-going type and never had trouble with the natives. He quickly learned their native dialect. Years swiftly rolled by for him in his little paradise. Once in a while he came up to Manila for a few days to see how much it had changed, to see a movie and a few white faces, and to buy a few books and magazines to take home. He was happy, had no worries or troubles, no burdens of family as we know them, nothing to mar the peaceful passage of days and months and years to a quiet ending there on his island. His was the typical life of a beach-comber as we think of it over there.

There is another kind, however. He is the religious fanatic who is so strongly convinced by his own interpretation of scripture and life that he can stand no opposition, but goes into some remote place with his books and his ideas where he can live and think uninterrupted. I have heard of several such cases. One might call them "hermit-beach-combers." A friend of mine was once sent on a governmental mission into a little known part of Mindanao. He was hiking along a trail in the jungle, wondering if he were going in the right direction when he saw a man walking down the trail ahead of him. He quickly caught up with him and found much to his surprise that it was a white man. However, the only replies he got to remarks and questions were gruff, monosyllabic mutters, as if his companion either did not want to talk or had not talked to a white man in a long time and was out of practice. But being a very tactful sort of person my friend did not take long to draw the man out. He was an American and had a little house down the trail where a fresh-water stream entered the sea. Since it was then rather late in the afternoon, he invited my friend to stay with him that night and finish his trip in the coolness of the coming morning.

He had a beautiful little place by a river, with the jungle on one side, the Moro Gulf on the other. As houses go there, his was very comfortably built of bamboo, lumber and nipa palm. Inside the house there was a great number of books, and when left alone for a moment my friends discovered nearly all of them to be theological books of some religious sect. Later that evening after a plain meal of rice, fish, fruits, and native coffee, the host told his story.

He had been a student in an Eastern university, came from a family of good standing, but, because of thinking differently than his own family

(Continued on Page 31)



Sucker

by WILLIAM J. WISWESSER

HE walked down the station platform rather briskly at first, to avoid the bustle of the commuters. His stride was a bit too long, his swaying a bit too marked, his trousers were too noticeably hoisted, his heavy overcoat sleeves a bit too short, his tie-knot too large, so that there was no doubt that he did not belong to the commuter crowd. He went off rather uncertainly and aimlessly until he thought he saw someone looking at him. At least it wouldn't hurt to walk past her—to more fully appreciate the stunning attraction. But as he approached her he felt suddenly uncomfortable, for she, too, had taken particular notice of him. As casually as possible he tried to look busy and important and strode off in a slightly different direction. He was almost past when he thought she made an effort to speak to him, almost felt a hot surge crawling up back of his ears and tingling through his forehead. He turned to be sure—and she did step up to him.

"Oh, pardon me," a silvery voice pleaded. With a slight fumbling to remove his hat, and still hanging on to his heavy suitcase, he turned his head with an expression that needed no "What?" to reveal the doubt behind it.

She continued, "Pardon me, but *could* you help me out? I just came here and I'm supposed to meet someone and I don't even know where she lives—Mother gave me her address but I don't know a thing about this town and I must see her before six o'clock tonight."

"Well, — uh — I'm a stranger here myself, but I sure would be glad to help you out, Miss —"

"Oh, then you don't know, either?"

"Uh — well, I guess we're both in the same boat, but I've a little time to spare, and if you —"

"Then let's get together. Two heads are better than one, you know."

"Okeh by me, if you don't mind."

"That'll be swell. Look, here's the address — do you know where that it?"

"Two hundred forty-three Ontario Street — well, now, le's see — let's try going this way."

"Over there? Oh, no, I believe it's over this way, towards the main street."

"Nothing like trying."

"You know, Mother said I should be careful not to

talk to anyone, but gosh, I couldn't ever find anything out that way — could I?"

"No — uh, I guess not."

"And when I saw you I knew you were the kind of a man who could be trusted."

He was going to reply, "I was looking for a girl like you, too," but a simple modesty bade him remain silent. She looked at him.

"Say, what's your name? You know, you look an awfully lot like Dick Powell."

"Dick Powell?"

"Sure — the movie actor. Now don't tell me nobody ever noticed that before?"

"Well, ah, I guess — I dunno — I don't look much like anybody — 'ept myself." But his laugh was so awkwardly forced that she decided to change the subject.

"Don't you think this is a nice little town —of course, I guess this is an old section here. Are you going to a hotel?"

"Uh, I suppose so — I dunno where else I could get a room I knew was good and clean." He juggled his suitcase around a bit, but persisted in keeping it on one side.

"Yeh, you can never tell — say, what does that sign say across the street? Doesn't that look like —"

"Yep. This is Ontario street here. Let's see, which way do we turn?"

"We're lookin' for the two hundreds and this is the five hundred block. I guess it's down this way."

"Right. Do you know who the people are?"

"Well, they live on the second floor, and I'm supposed to come right away where this lady is to give me the money mamma sent. You see, she's my Aunt Isabel. We knew her well back in the country, but I haven't seen her since she moved to town here."

In a few minutes they were at the foot of the steps of 243 Ontario.

"I'm awfully glad to have met you, Miss —"

"Lombard. Sally Lombard. But say, can't you come in to have something to eat — I've taken a lot of your time, and I'm sure Aunt Isabel won't mind treating a friend whose been so kind —"

(Continued on Page 21)

Battle Royal

THE loss of the sword of the Marquis of Lafayette last November marked the final episode in the latest of the series of student fracases between the undergraduate supporters of the Brown and White and of the Maroon. The deans of both institutions have prayed that it may be the last.

A sordid touch took away the glamor of the attack last year, when it was discovered that the *cavées belli* was the scheme of two Lehigh students to rob the supply bureau. These two students telephoned Lafayette and dared the Easton men to try to take down the "Beat Lafayette" banner which hung suspended above the quadrangle of the Lehigh dormitories.

The Lafayette advance was in violation of an agreement made in 1926 between Lehigh's Arcadia and K. R. T., junior and senior honorary society of Lafayette. The advance was successful, as was the Lehigh counter-attack, in that it achieved its objective, and the violation of the agreement can be explained, if not excused, on the grounds that the spurious telephone call appeared to the Lafayette recipients to be a bona fide challenge which no self-respecting group could disregard.

The Arcadia-K. R. T. pact, the threat of the authorities of both colleges to discontinue the football series if additional outbreaks occurred, and the general modification of college spirit throughout the country and especially at Lehigh make it unlikely that there will be any more such battles. The determination of the authorities

to stop them was evidenced when fifty-six Lehigh students were temporarily suspended for their part in last fall's affair.

There have been other notable battles in the past, however. The pact of 1926 was brought on by a very successful Lafayette raid on the Lehigh campus in the fall of 1925. Either the Lehigh sentinels fell asleep at their posts or they were not supported with sufficient reserves, for Lafayette succeeded in painting the Lehigh campus from the base of the flagpole to the lookout. Traces of Maroon paint may still be observed on the wall by the armory and in spots on the concrete stands of Taylor Field. The Leopards painted the roads and the buildings so

The Swordless Marquis

thoroughly that only time and new construction could efface their work.

In 1924 Lehigh was the favorite in the annual classic due to a sensational Brown and White season. Lehigh students were so confident that they painted *Bethlehem* with whitewash the Tuesday before the game. They did such a thorough job that the city authorities demanded that they clean it off the next day. A heaven sent rainstorm, however, washed off the whitewash before it was dry and saved the local constabulary a difficult job of enforcement. On Saturday the gods sent hemlock instead of rain, and an inspired Lafayette team pushed over one touchdown and then held Lehigh scoreless to earn a 7-0 victory.

The sixty-five games played between Lehigh and Lafayette make up the largest total of games ever played between any two colleges in the country.

Lehigh has won only once since 1918. That victory was a 12-13 triumph in 1929, led by Art Davidowitz and Captain Miller. Lafayette's overwhelming edge since the World War has given her a total of thirty-eight games won against twenty-three Lehigh victories and four ties.



Stealing the Lafayette Cannon



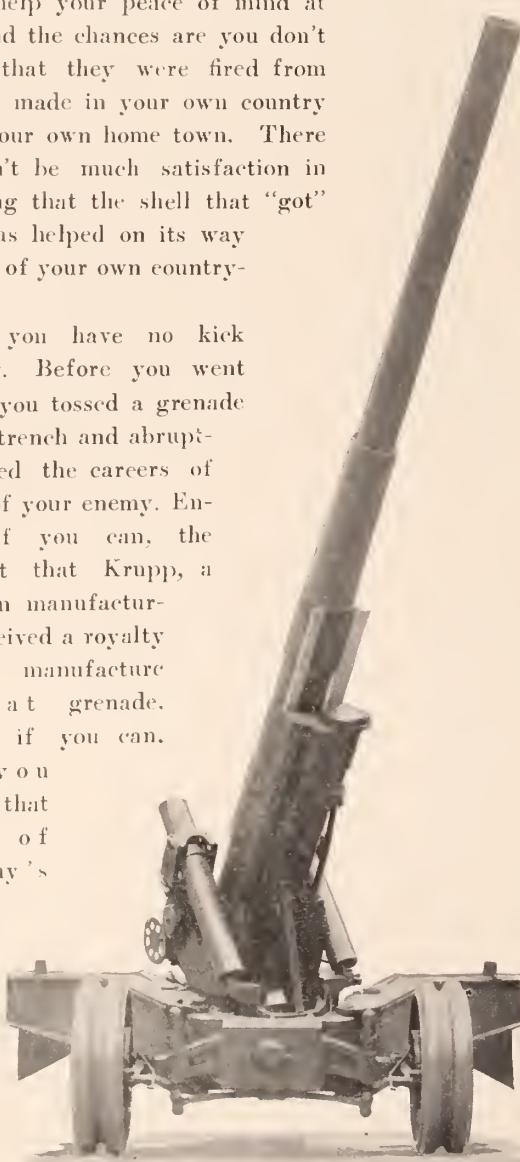
The Price of Glory

by JUDSON SCHAEFFER

T's not much fun going over the top. Chances are rather good that you won't get there anyway. But suppose you do go over. You are a British soldier in the World War. Your commander has slightly underestimated the strength of the Germans in the opposite trench. But you go over anyway. You've got to.

The explosions of the German shells around you don't help your peace of mind at all. And the chances are you don't know that they were fired from cannon made in your own country near your own home town. There wouldn't be much satisfaction in knowing that the shell that "got" you was helped on its way by one of your own countrymen.

But you have no kick coming. Before you went down you tossed a grenade into a trench and abruptly ended the careers of three of your enemy. Enjoy, if you can, the thought that Krupp, a German manufacturer, received a royalty on the manufacture of that grenade. Smile, if you can, when you think that most of Germany's



enemies were using Krupp guns against her. And laugh, if you can, at the thought that most of the countries in the war had furnished weapons to destroy their own people.

And that is only the beginning. It is hard to believe that France and Germany traded munitions during the war. Still, Germany needed nitrate. France needed steel. Since each country had what the other required, munitions makers could not let a little thing like patriotism stand in the way of obtaining what they had to have. Germany sent steel to Switzerland. France sent nitrate to the same neutral country. The final step was the changing of the shipping labels.

Why should there be any international trade in munitions? Why should the same country furnish munitions to armies fighting each other? Why should the wartime profits of these manufacturers allow them to declare dividends of more than one hundred per cent?

These are some of the questions which will again be asked when the Senate munitions hearing is continued this month. Before they adjourned last spring they had discovered enough to "make" the front page of every newspaper in the country. They learned that DuPont declared a dividend of 100 per cent on common stock in 1916. They learned that Bethlehem Steel paid a 200 per cent dividend in 1916. And they learned that the War earnings of some American munitions makers were multiplied by nine after the United States entered the war.

The \$13,000,000,000 spent by the government for equipment for 5,000,000 soldiers equalled more than half of all money appropriated by congresses from the first Continental Congress to the time of the great war. More than half of each dollar paid in taxes today is used to



pay debts of past wars, or to keep the armed forces going. To keep the armed forces going means that Uncle Sam has to be on a military par with other world powers.

To show that this international "keeping up with the Joneses" does mean more than one national headache, it is well to consider a single phase of the problem. Since poison gas is the most recent, highly successful toy of Mars, it is a splendid subject for consideration.

Poison gas is either released from cylinders or compressed into shells with enough explosive to release the gas. Its use in shells is by far the most discouraging to the opposition. At the close of the World War there were only a few that were really successful. And the deadliest of them was cyanogen.

Cyanogen is sufficiently stable to stand the shock of the exploding shell. It causes immediate death and one part of it in one thousand of air is fatal. Its destructiveness was approached by only one other gas, phosgene. This is a versatile gas which works under cover. A man can go through a gas attack and not know it. A day later

(Continued on Page 26)



FOR MORE DETAILS

IRON, BLOOD, AND PROFITS, by George Seldes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"Mr. Seldes rolls up both sleeves and wades in in a tearing rage. He hits at everything he sees or thinks he sees; some of his blows are wild and a lot below the belt, he rains them down in a torrent of names, dates, documentary excerpts and insinuations, with little arrangement and less chronology. He gives more of the detail than the other book (Engelbrecht and Hanighen's 'Merchants of Death'), but he is obviously inaccurate and exaggerated; he supplies the more exciting reading, but adds less to the understanding of the problem . . . With Mr. Seldes' sweeping and overconfident conclusion that 'no reason for war remains except sudden profits for the fifty men who run the munitions racket' it is impossible to agree. Far sounder, if more depressing, are the ultimate finding of Mr. Engelbrecht and Mr. Hanighen."

Walter Mills, New York Herald-Tribune Books, April 29, 1934.

"This book is more than documentation, more than muckraking. It is a gripping and convincing story."

C. S. Brown, Christian Century, June 6, 1934.

"In muckraking the secret international of arms makers, George Seldes has his ups and downs. 'Iron, Blood and Profits' is redundant, disorganized and over simplified, but it is written with infectious gusto and contains many facts that should help the Nye Committee's investigation . . . It makes a better case against the armament industry of Europe as the chief corrupter of public opinion than it does against our own arms makers . . . But Mr. Seldes' next-to-last chapter on the new naval race shows that the same sinister forces that have long dominated Europe may triumph unless the Nye investigation checks their progress."

Quincy Howe, New Republic, May 16, 1934.

Merchants or Death, by Engelbrecht, H. C., and Hanighen, F. C. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company.

"Mr. Engelbrecht and Mr. Hanighen have advanced into this difficult and deceptive jungle with comparative calm and restraint and with a useful historical sense. By going back to the beginnings of the duPonts, the Krupps, the Schneiders, they are able to provide the armament industry with something of its true setting in the larger industrial economy which produced it. Their book is more thoughtful than Mr. Seldes', briefer and much better organized."

Walter Mills, New York Herald-Tribune Books, April 29, 1934.

"The value of such a book is that it tells the whole story without passion or prejudice and with amply documented proofs. It shows that the munitions makers, however estimable may be their virtues in private life, are not patriots but profit-seeking exploiters of the perils of their countries and zealous promoters of the perils which they exploit."

W. E. Garrison, Christian Century, May 9, 1934.

"Messrs. Engelbrecht and Hanighen have presented by far the most effective and complete version of this story that has yet appeared anywhere. This is the disturbing conclusion they reach; 'An alliance of governments with war industries threatens to make the arms makers supreme in economic life, and after that in government' . . . What is the solution? Real disarmament is the only answer, but that will be possible only when war itself has been eliminated. Effective propaganda therefore becomes the need of the hour and 'Merchants of Death' rises magnificently to the occasion with the unvarnished truth."

Quincy Howe, New Republic, May 2, 1934.

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THE HOUSEPARTY SWING

Places Around the Valley

THE HOTEL BETHLEHEM, since it has been under new management, has been making an active bid for student patronage, which to date has been increasingly

successful. They offer weekly Saturday night dances with the best dance orchestras in the valley at only \$1.10 per couple. Out of town travelling orchestras are brought in frequently and the admission price remains the same.

The slogan "There is no substitute for quality at Hotel Bethlehem" is being maintained and the prices for both food and liquor are most reasonable.

HEIDELBERG GRILL, on route 12 at Coopersburg. Has an orchestra Thursday and Saturday nights, floor show, and dancing M. C. The drinks are good and cheap. Open fire and sofas if you don't want to dance.

You'll see the local talent from the entire valley. You must have a date to go into the dance floor.

BUCK McGINLEY'S or THE FOUNTAIN HILL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. The latter title allows Buck to operate late Saturday nights and Sundays. Also known as the Mickey Mouse Club, featuring murals of the famous rodent and others. In Fountain Hill section, on a side street running off Broadway about five blocks west of Five Points.

Big news is that the management is about to open a Rathskeller downstairs and making preparations to receive all its old friends at houseparty time. Everybody of importance goes there, with dates. Good drinks. Buck and his wife exercise personal supervision over your concoctions.

MICKEY WHITE'S CLUB CAPRICE. On the South side of East Fourth Street, just over the bridge on the way to Hellertown. Repeal ruined his business because he cannot legally stay open Saturday nights after twelve. With repeal the crowd changed; now it is frequented by Lafayette men as well as by Lehigh's students.

You are still offered very excellent plate dinners and sandwiches and the longest bar in the valley, 72 feet, four inches, behind which capable bartenders skillfully mix and serve anything you can name. Good liquor. Ask to see the Blue Blazer, in which the quality of whiskey is tested. The test consists of mixing one shot of whiskey with one of hot water, igniting the mixture, pouring it from one glass into another and observing the color of the flame. Also ask Joe Kinney to mix up one of his specials.

All right for girls, and you may dance to a phonograph.

THE HOUSEPARTY SWING (Continued)

THE BEETHOVEN MAENNERCHOR. Under the North end of the Hill to Hill bridge. Organized strictly as a club. Initiation fees and dues for the first year \$8.25. No freshmen admitted to membership (unless they have the \$8.25).



Famous for houseparty tea dances, when they let down the bars to the hoi poloi. Beer is but fifty cents a pitcher, and your friend who is a member can always take you in any time as a guest. They sell mostly beer, but other materials are available. Headquarters of the Beethoven Sangerchor and strives (rather successfully, too), to keep up the Dutch atmosphere.

Fraternity men go there for Sunday evenings if their houses do not serve supper. The place is a madhouse after games and at dances. They have really been selling beer too long to mix good drinks on short repeal notice.

'LOUIS', formerly **MOOCH'S**, who died in August, founded by Mooch, who to his intimates was Jim Conway, and Louis Taglan. Second floor, corner of Third and Northampton. Louis now carries on with the aid of a helper.



A quiet place where you can spend a pleasant evening playing rummy and rolling dice for beer, yet not get drunk. Known for good fellowship, alumni, and after game times. Women should stay away, except old friends and at houseparty time. Sell mostly beer, but will mix anything within reason.

Changed to this new location just before repeal. Its alter ego for Saturday night and Sunday is the **THOMAS JEFFERSON DEMOCRATIC ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH BETHLEHEM**. A good place for prospective journalists, as the Globe-Times force customarily convenes at midnight.

GREEN TAVERN in Hellertown. A pretty lively place almost any night after eleven or twelve. They have a nice waitress and a big, big dog, the highlight of the place. The question is, "Does the dog look after the waitress?" Take your dates, if you wish.

THE NORTHAMPTON CLUB. Located above the E. P. Wilbur Trust. You may find 'most any one there, but mostly dorm men.

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THE HOUSEPARTY SWING

(Continued)

If you are tired of the same old faces before and aft the bar, and want to go **SLUMMING**, you might try any one of the following, some of which are often frequented by Lehigh lads who are in the mood.

THE ROOSEVELT GRILL and beer garden. The liquor may not be of the best, but you do not have to take your own date. It is located on Fifth Avenue.

Out on the Heights, across from Mickey White's are three establishments, namely **ST. MICHAELS TAVERN**, **THE WONDER BAR**, and **THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB**. Great places to go if you have a slight edge on first. Don't be surprised at anything, and don't drink much of their liquor unless you feel that you must in order to catch up with your companions. Women to be had by the dozens. The heights may be reached at the **LABOR LYCEUM** and the **HOTEL VENDIG**, which are located near the Maennerchor.

MORE DAMN FUN

(Continued from Page 11)

kept walking in and out until far, far into the night. At last, when the dance was well under way and he was sure the coast was clear he found the door was locked, raised a clamor, was rescued from his cloister by the furnace man, got dressed, and tore off to the dance. The following Monday he purchased a bathrobe.

Not all houseparty happenings are quite so serious. In fact we know of at least two couples who resorted to the simple expedient of matrimony as a solution to the week-end's little problems. We can't go into detail.

Ferreting out really sensational tales is a difficult job. The persons implicated won't tell — most of them. The rest could not be printed without jeopardizing the moral tone of the "Review." Get the boys around the house to tell you a few.

SUCKER

(Continued from Page 14)

"No, really — I — I must be running along. I've got to get to —"

"Oh, I insist. You can't run off like that, with just a 'Thank you.' Come up for just a moment, please!"

"Uh, well — if you don't mind bringing a stranger in —"

"Stranger! Why, you're a pal, as kind as you've been — say, what's your name? I forgot."

"John Misher."

"That's right. Well, listen, Johnny, come on and meet my aunt. I know she'll like you."

Johnny began to notice particularly how heavy his suitcase was by the time they had reached the top of the long stairway.

"Here it is — room seven. Funny she doesn't answer — the light's on inside."

"Are you sure this is the right place?"

"Positive. Say, maybe she went down to the station to meet me. The door's not locked. Let's step in and wait awhile."

"Oh, no, I'd rather not — that is, I — uh, well, you know it isn't the thing —"

"Nonsense. You must be awfully tired carrying that heavy bag. Come in and rest a bit." She took his empty hand, and with a deft movement led him in. "Nobody home? Gosh, it's nice and warm in here, isn't it? Make yourself at home —"

"Suppose she came back and thought that I — well, it seems pretty fresh, doesn't it?"

"Johnny, you silly — here, look here. This is what you want. Somebody seems to like Scotch — do you?"

"I — I never drink the stuff."

"What, this? Why it's just like ginger ale. Try it." As she stooped over the taboret to pour the drink, she casually let her dress slip off a perfectly powdered shoulder. With a provocative smile she handed him the glass.

"Oh, well — all right. Whee -ow. Say, that's pretty burny, isn't it?"

"Yeh, that'll warm you up. Come on, set down that heavy suitcase, take off your big overcoat and make yourself comfortable."

"Oh, don't bother. I really must be running along."

"Now I said take it off." Her hands reached for his coat lapels as she stepped up close to him and murmured, "How about it?" Then, "Say — what's this?" as her hand felt a hard piece of ebony imbedded under his coat lapel. Suddenly she stepped back. "Why — why you dirty double-crossing son-of —"

"Don't get loud, Molly. Just a little portable dictaphone outfit in the suitcase here. Witnesses are such a bother. Better come up to the station with me — that record might need a bit of amplification."

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FIFTY-TWO FIFTY

(Continued from Page 7)

keep right on making up new questions and answering them.

Then when I thought it was all over and I would have time to see the coach who I know must be wondering why I have not come to see him a boy who I met while I was registering told me that I had to go to the health clinic which is right on the campus and have an examination.

The doctors and the boys who were helping them made me do all kinds of funny things which I did not understand and which made me feel kind of like that time I tore my pants on the nail at the Sunday school picnic when Anabelle was there and no one told me why they made me do them except one boy who looked at me awful mad and handed me a bottle and told me what to do with it and said that it was to see if I had been living right which scared me so I could not do with the bottle what he told me.

Well on Thursday and Friday I went to classes and could not see the coach but today I found him at the gym and I was nearly sick when I found out that the team has been practicing for a week and he said to me where the hell had I been if I wanted to play football and nevermind what my name was nor that I was an end and did I want to play to get into uniform and be at the field every day next week at four o'clock sharp.

For a while I was awful sore and was considering not playing football or else going to Lafayette which is a college in the next town to Bethlehem and which is Lehigh's rivals but then I remembered what Mr. McConn had told me the coach being green that is what they call a man who is new at a job and I decided that he would treat me with more respect when he saw me play and I also thought that maybe pop would not like it if I went to Lafayette or came home.

Well that is about all that has happened since I came to college except today a fellow came up to me like he knew me for a long time and said Mr. Whit I can't tell you how sorry I am that this happened for we didn't know up at the house before that you were coming to Lehigh or we would have looked you up sooner but now we will make up for lost time and I want you to come up tonight to the fraternity of which I am a member which is the Sig Mu for dinner and meet the brothers.

Give my love to Flossie and Pop and Anabelle if you see her at church and tell her that I will write to her as soon as I have time.

Your loving son,

Harvey

P. S. Let me know just as soon as Flossie has her pups.

September 22, 1934

Dear Mother,

Another week has gone by since I wrote to you the first time but not as much has happened to me as before except a few things so I won't have so much to tell you as before but I will tell you the important ones.

Like I told you in my last letter I was going to do I went up last Saturday night to the Psi Mu house which only isn't the Sig Mu house like I spelled it before but like I have it spelled now and the name is Greek and means something only to someone who is a Greek or else a member of the fraternity.

Well when I got there the fellow who told me to come up and whose name is Harry Vane met me at the door and told me how glad he was that I had come and when he introduced me to all the other fellows who he called brothers but who really aren't his brothers except they live in the same house and loan each other money and would die for each other said how glad they were to meet me and hoped that I would come often.

We all stood around in the living room talking for a while and it was not very long before everyone was calling me Harvey and getting me to tell them about my playing end for Highton high and how I ran that time 64 and a half yards for a touchdown when we played Hadon academy.

By the time it was time for dinner I felt like I had known all those fellows for a year instead of just an hour and all during the meal the fellows kept asking me how I liked Lehigh and I said swell and they asked me if I was going to join a fraternity and when I said that I didn't know they told me how it benefited a fellow and how you could always ask a brother for money or clothes and he would give it to you and how it added to your prestige to be a brother.

Well, by the time it was time to go home they all made me promise to come back the next night for dinner again and at the door Harry Vane said as how I should think over what they told me about a fellow joining a fraternity especially such a good one like the Psi Mu where there are not a lot of snobs like in some of the fraternities.

Then the next night when I went to the house for dinner Harry took me upstairs after we ate and said that all the boys in the Psi Mu house wanted me for a brother and would I join, and I said that I would and then he gave me a pin to wear to show people that I was going to be one of the brothers and when we came down all the fellows shook my hand and said how glad they were that they were going to have a fellow like me for a brother and how now I could move my things

(Continued on Next Page)

NOVEMBER, 1934

up to the house the next day and live there.

To make this a short letter as I have some studying to do I will just tell you that I have moved to the Psi Mu house and that you should send me letters there and also as it costs a little more to have the presstegee of a fraternity man you will have to send me seventy-five instead of forty dollars a month.

If you see Anabelle you should tell her that I am playing football with the freshman team only as the coach has not had time yet to let me tell him about my record at Highton I have not yet been in any games only practice but I will soon be a regular as soon as the coach realizes how I can play.

I was glad to hear that Flossie had her pups and I can't wait to come home at Christmas time and see her and you and Dad and Anabelle.

Your son,

Harvey Whit

BETHLEHEM, PA.

OCTOBER 13, 1934

TELEGRAM
MR. HARVEY WHIT SR.
HIGHTON, PA.

12:14

PLEASE WIRE FIFTY-TWO DOLLARS AT
ONCE WILL EXPLAIN IN LETTER
HARVEY

TELEGRAM
MR. HARVEY WHIT JR.
PSI MU HOUSE
BETHLEHEM PA.

HIGHTON, PA.
OCTOBER 13, 1934

PLEASE SEND LETTER AT ONCE WILL
SEND CHECK ONLY IF YOU ARE ABLE TO EX-
PLAIN NEED FOR FIFTY TWO DOLLARS IN
MIDDLE OF NIGHT

HARVEY WHIT SR.

October 16, 1934.

Dear Dad,

Honest I feel terrible and I am not going to stay at Lehigh any more but am coming home on Friday so you can be at Whites junction to meet me only don't bring Mother or Anabelle only Flossie as I would be too ashamed to see any one else.

It is all your fault that this disgrace has happened to me because you would not be a friend to me if I ever got into trouble like you said you would and didnt send the fifty two dollars like I asked you to. I dont even want to stay at home but am only coming to get Flossie and then am going out to uncle Toms ranch to live, but I will tell you how it happened so you can be sorry

you did not send me the money like I asked you.

On Saturday night one of the brothers here at the Psi Mu house who has a car said hey frosh would you like to go for a ride and I said yes as I did not have anything to do.

We got in his car which is a buick like Dr. Heriss has and rode over to a place in Allentown which is the next city to Bethlehem and where they have a big dance floor like the bowers on the lake at home but only it is bigger and there are more people go there.

Well, when we got there Steve who is the brother I went with knew some girls who he introduced me to and I danced ith them and we had a good time only you shouldnt tell Anabelle as maybe she would be jealous.

Finally it was time to go home and Steve wanted to escort the girls home only because they had dates they would not go along so we came home by our selves.

When we were crossing the Hill to Hill bridge which is a big bridge here in Bethlehem and was built by a Lehigh engineer like I was going to be Steve asked me if I played bridge and when I said no but that I played penuckle he said well that is as good a name as any and we will get a couple of partners.

So with out telling me what he meant Steve stopped the car beside two girls who were walking across the bridge and who must have been friends of his for he said to them hellow girls do you want to play some penuckle with me and my friend.

The girls laughed and said whatever you say pretty boy and started to get into the car to go and play penuckle with us although I was awfully embarrassed because I did not know where we were going to get any cards because it as so late and I was afraid that the girls would be mad when they found out that we couldnt get any cards.

Then just as Steve started the car an automobile with two poleicemen pulled up beside us and one of them said just a minute Bud we want to talk to you and Steve swore awful under his breath but I know the girls heard it and I was awful embarrassed but not as much as I was scared when the cops made the girls get out of the car and said that Steve and I were arrested and had to go down to the jail for picking up girls on the bridge.

Well when we got to the jail the cops took us into a room where there were some benches and told us to sit down and wait until Fred got back which was not very long and when he came in I heard him talking to the cops in the other room and all Steve would say to me was that Fred was Police commissioner and that we were in for holly hell.

Finally Fred came into the room where we were and

(Continued on page 31)

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ZURICH TECHNICAL SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 9)

Civil Engineering and Hydraulic Engineering; the School of Mechanical Engineering, the largest and best equipped school, including also Electrical Engineering; the School of Chemistry; the School of Pharmacy; the Forestry School; the Agricultural School; the School for Masters of Mathematics and Physics; the School for Masters of Natural Sciences; and the Military School. Each of these schools with the exception of the Military School leads to a diploma. Each has a fairly hard and fast curriculum, deviations from which are, however, much more frequent than in our technical schools, as there is considerable latitude allowed in the selection of electives.

The special department organized at the time of the founding of the school flourishes today as the eleventh division and is known as the General Division under which are grouped the electives.

Each student is required to take at least one cultural elective a term. Most of these electives are given as lecture courses for which no preparation is required and no examination is given. The lectures are usually held at four o'clock, the zero hour for work at most colleges. The Federal Technical School has overcome the disadvantage of the hour very successfully by making the lectures so interesting that the students look forward to them. The lecturers are chosen with the utmost care, for in addition to mastery in their fields, they must be able to hold the interest of the students who have attended classes all day.

For entrance it is required that the student have a comprehensive knowledge of German and French so that he may be able to follow the lectures. The authorities insist that the prospective student have a solid foundation in general culture before starting his technical work. In fact, so severe is the examination in general culture that more students fail it than the technical entrance examination. The preparation in cultural subjects roughly corresponds to the work covered by the end of the sophomore year in our arts colleges, and brings the average age of the freshman to nearly twenty years.

The Federal Technical School is really an international school, for of the nineteen hundred comprising the student body in the last winter semester, about five hundred were from forty-three foreign countries. Holland and Germany had the most foreign representatives with seventy-four and seventy-three. Students come there from the ends of the earth — India, Mexico, Tonkin, South Africa, Japan, China, Brazil, Egypt. Last year there were seven from this country.

The Federal Technical School is ideally located. Zurich is a modern, attractive city bordering on the very (Continued on Next Page)

beautiful Zurich Lake, which is alive with boating in the summer, and winter sports in the cold months. With the excellent railroad and plane service (students rarely own cars in Europe) Zurich is but a few hours from Germany, France, Italy, and England. Zurich is near to so many interesting places — so near in fact, that as far as time is concerned, it is possible to week-end in gay Paris, lively Munich, countless Alpine resorts, or the lakes of northern Italy.

With the encouragement of the school, its diversified student body and fine Old World background and tradition, it seems natural for culture to flourish and become a part of the training of the engineer in the Swiss Federal Technical School.

EX - SKI FIGHTER

(Continued from Page 8)

of his friends who had built a series of balcony-like structures to the rear of the German trenches. There they often gathered to smoke their pipes and watch in safety the activity of their own guns in the valley below. There one day the French sent a particularly vigorous barrage of shells, and the German guns prepared to return the fire. Their range was short, however, and extended but to the newly-formed balcony, which was dispersed on the side of the mountain, as were the pipe-smokers.

But don't think that William Stauth's war was a war of incidents. It was to him a slowly moving stream of mud that engulfed humans in prodigious numbers, but in very unspectacular fashion. He remembers friends dying with bullets in their heads, in their hearts, in their livers. He remembers bits of bursting shells tearing off faces, arms, and legs. He thinks there are very few kinds of death he has not seen. He is not interested in seeing the others. Life in the trenches was successively spectacular, disgusting, and monotonous.

Like a tragic pageant seemed the latter days of the war, when thousands of young boys from the schools of Germany were marched against the overpowering numbers of the Allied troops. More than once these youngsters were captured by the British and sent back with the note, "We don't fight children."

But somehow the war had ended, and William Stauth found himself surprisingly alive. He can hardly describe the relief he experienced with the signing of the armistice. It was as if all others had died and he only were alive. Although he had kept his life, his most important years were over.

He came to Lehigh in 1929, an American citizen, still looking like a German university professor. He is determined to spend the rest of his life as an ordinary mechanic, enjoying life by merely living it. He will always enjoy life, but he will never be an ordinary mechanic.

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THE PRICE OF GLORY

(Continued from Page 17)

he will be a corpse. It can produce its effect as long as forty-eight hours after exposure.

Sometimes a gas was used because it was cheap. Chlorine owed its popularity to this factor. But it is only effective in high concentration and is not suitable for use in shells.

These and other gases had devastating effects when they were first introduced. But it was not long before the gas mask proved to be even more effective than the gases. Chemical warfare reached a temporary standstill with only an occasional victim. And then the death doctors again came out of their laboratories.

This time they had a gas which easily penetrated any mask. It carried the formidable name of diphonylchloroarsine. Its effect was not fatal but it caused nausea and sickness so terrible that its victims prayed for death a thousand times.

Then there was the famous mustard gas. It works its way through clothing and burns or blisters the skin. It is most active on the mucus surfaces but it will burn any surface that is slightly moist.

Since the war, countless other gases have been developed. The United States government is doing its work

in secret. But it is known that modern gases make the World War killers look like toys. And the gases are appearing much more rapidly than the masks to protect soldiers from them.

And while all this is going on, the nation has to develop its planes; its battleships, submarines, and cruisers; its explosives; its rifles, machine guns, and cannon. The taxpayer assumes the always heavier burden of past and present wars. He pays the taxes and hardly ever stops to ask why.

You ask what can be done about it? You suggest disarmament? Disarmament of a single nation is suicide; of all nations, a dream for the future. You suggest that the manufacture of munitions be restricted? How can it be? The cotton in the shirt you are wearing might just as well have been used for gun cotton. The leather in your shoes might have been used for army belts. Will it be fertilizer or explosives; steel bridges or guns? You cannot tell.

Could you limit the production of food because armies must be fed? Or would education be better than limitation? Would nations go to war if they were as pacifistic as our American universities? There is a solution somewhere. We don't know where.

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RESEARCH AND LEHIGH

(Continued from Page 10)

Research Fellow, Professor Lyse has already completed photoelastic studies of bending beams which have immediate application to construction. Francis L. Ehasz, Brink Research Fellow, is spending two years in the study of the application of soap films and photoelastic apparatus in solving difficult structural problems.

As a contrast to the practical engineering problems of immediate industrial application, let us turn to the department of philosophy, where results add to the culture of the race rather than to the engineering efficiency. Professor Percy Hughes, head of the department, recently presented to the Fullerton Philosophical Club in Philadelphia, a paper on "Whithead's Theory of Nature," continuing his study of the new concepts of nature and man's place in it. A similar contribution is an article in the November issue of the *Scientific Monthly* entitled "Naturalism, Old and New." Associate Professor Becker will publish in the December issue of *Philosophy of Science* an article on the meaning of Sir Isaac Newton's assertion, "Non Fingo Hypothesis" (I do not make hypotheses). Dr. T. T. Lafferty, of the department of education, will publish "The Material World" in the *Journal of Philosophy*.

These three papers were first read at the April, 1934 meeting of the local chapter of Sigma Xi, the graduate research society. This shows that philosophy is closely tied up with science. The three will be published together by the Lehigh Institute of Research. Philosophy, we should bear in mind, has led the way for science in the past, and should continue to do so in the future. As such, it is of vital importance to the furtherance of human knowledge.

As education is one of the two functions of the modern university, it is only fitting that a certain amount of investigation should be made in the field of education itself. Studies of teaching methods, failures, examination methods, and the eye mechanics of reading are being carried on by Lehigh's department of education. Dr. Harold P. Thomas, head of the department, is working with the psychology department to study the eye movements in reading of pupils who have been successful and of those who have failed in grade school.

Dr. Lafferty has studied true-false examinations and found that the false questions leave appreciable amounts of misinformation in the student's mind. This finding dictates that the instructor should always go over such an examination with the students after it has been corrected, and clear up any misconceptions which might have been engendered by the test.

The question, "Is the College of Business Administration doing anything to fulfill Hutchins' idea of the

second function of a college?" might well be asked. Upon investigation, we find that the business college faculty, while it discovers no new engineering or social truths, contributes a great deal in its field. The articles and books of its members are published in greater profusion than are those of any other branch of the University. To consider but two of its members, Dr. Neil Carothers and Dr. Frederick Bradford, will give us an indication of its contributions. Besides numerous speeches in various sections of the country upon monetary and economic policies, Dr. Carothers has written twenty major articles during last year which have attracted wide attention. Dr. Bradford's textbook, "Money and Banking" is the basis for courses in more than fifty colleges of importance, among which are Michigan, California and Northwestern. Recognized as authorities upon monetary policies and current economic problems, the articles of these two men are frequently published in such magazines as that of American Bankers Association.

Turning from the business college to the Dean's office, we find that Dean McConn has been working upon and is about to publish a book entitled "Planning for College." The Lehigh student whose contact with Dean McConn has been purely disciplinary is not likely to realize that in its dean Lehigh has a man who is well-known as an exponent of improvements in the modern college set-up. It is strongly rumored that our Dean is absolutely opposed to examinations having a place in college education. Page the mathematics department!

To enumerate the findings of a survey of the research activities of Lehigh would require many pages. Suffice it to mention a few more, and then to say that every man on the campus above the rank of senior undergraduate has been, or is, working on some project. Almost every member of the faculty is working at present on at least one problem, some on several.

Professor Doan's developments in metallurgical processes are familiar to all. Professor Stoughton's are even more so. The texts and reports of these two men are used everywhere. New developments in biology, chemistry, and physics are consistently before the student's eyes. Men in the College of Arts and Sciences are studying and publishing articles upon the culture of foreign peoples.

Professor Stuart, Professor Jennings and Mr. Connelly are conducting experiments in mechanical engineering, the results of which are constantly being published in the professional publications. Others in that department are making contributions. In the Electrical Engineering department members of that faculty are, among other things, working on arcs between revolving electrodes. It has been found that arcs struck between revolving electrodes do not disintegrate the electrodes, even under the heavy load of 500 amperes.

FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE ANTHRACITE

(Continued from Page 6)

the refuse was sufficiently large neough to be seen by any beginner. After several days of picking slate in this chute I was transferred to the lower floor and instructed to pick the slate out of the coal in the chestnut and pea coal chutes. Which chute I picked slate from depended upon which jig was operating. Jigs, you know, are machines which separate coal from slate by taking advantage of the difference in specific gravities of coal and slate. As in the case of the egg coal chute, my employment in the chestnut and pea coal chutes was short-lived. Three weeks after my first day of employment, I was instructed to begin as an assistant to Nicholas Kozinski on the rock plane north of the washery.

War needs made it profitable to ship coals recovered from old refuse dumps. The work Kozinski and I did consisted of riding each loaded car to the top of the plane, unloading it returning the car to its loaders, transferring the rope to succeeding cars and repeating the above routine.

Sometime in 1919 some of us were laid off; others were placed on the "bull gang." I was one of the latter group. Though I cursed, and cursed hastily, some of those bull gang jobs, today I have no regrets. Our work took us to every part of the colliery. One day I would be assisting in unloading planking on the extreme east end of the colliery grounds, another day, cement on the west end. One day I would be worrying about getting sufficient coal into the boiler plant to keep the fires going over night; the next day, about getting timber fires out up in the mountains. On the "bull gang" I never knew how I should dress for the day's work. If I came to work in half boots, I was sure to be placed helping to repair boilers. If I came to work in shoes the following day, I was most likely found in water up to my knees—either fishing ash elevators out of the swamp or repairing a column line in the center of a lake.

My next position made me a "rock bank man". The "bull gang" was being reduced, and my new position for the next year or more was that of dumping rock cars on the No. 1 slope rock bank by means of a chain block attached to what appeared to be a guillotine straddling the end of the road. Between my assistant's lack of ability to cooperate and the contrariness of a mule, I early decided I would take the first new position I could acquire. No new position could be had in a hurry, and as a consequence it was April 1922 before I could get away from that man and mule.

This new position enabled me to eliminate the assistant but not the mule. I became a "driver"—a mule driver. My first "inside" job was that of driving "Joe mule"—a mule generally accredited about the colliery

then with having human intelligence. "Joe mule" worked on the bottom of No. 1 slope, and, before tunnels were driven to extend the turnout at the foot of the slope on a line with it, this mule had to cross and recross that slope bottom hundreds of times daily. Only a man who has been employed in the coal mines and has watched these animals work at the foot of slopes and shafts can understand the nature of the duties and the necessity for exact timing of every move by man and animal working there. A mistake by either man or animal may result in injury or death to either or both.

To make up for the deficiency in available work on my route, the foreman ordered me to assist in making-up car trips for the 5-vein and W. 10-vein South Dip drivers. All this additional work was heaped upon me and "Joe-Mule". My tonnage doubled, trebled and continued to increase. I was unable to haul the coal away from the miners as rapidly as they produced it. I pressed the foreman for an additional mule but was refused. The foreman persisted in pressing me for greater speed. Though I exerted myself to the utmost, my efforts passed unnoticed. Instead I was exploited, rushed, cursed and generally made miserable by the relentless pressure applied to me by that foreman.

In the meantime, while I was being pressed for greater effort, tonnage from the 5-vein had been reduced to such a degree that the driver and his helper with the two-head team of mules were obliged to make only two or three five-car trips daily. On one of the few trips these five-vein men made daily, the lead mule of that team one day caught his hoof in the frog of a switch and the oncoming cars drove the butt-mule beyond the pinned leader, bumped the leader and drove him into the tunnel. The mules went, but the leader's hoof remained behind in the frog. Cars were thrown off by the hoof, the mule was shot and the driver discharged. I became the 5-vein driver. Had I become only the 5-vein driver, I would have been highly elated but such was not my fortune. I was instructed to haul coal from the W. 9½-vein and in addition to make a trip into 10-vein counter to assist my successor when opportunity presented itself. Needless to say, I was greatly peeved by being ordered to do things for others which I was unable to have done for me when I held the W. 10-vein position. My work now became more difficult than heretofore since I now had two mules to worry me—neither of which had half the intelligence of "Joe-Mule". I decided to leave at the first opportunity. Late in 1924 I applied for a position on the Pennsylvania State Police force.

Early in 1925 I was instructed to appear at Harrisburg for a physical examination. I was accepted and instructed to go in training at the Hershey Training School for State Police on March 1. The day that I

arrived at Hershey Training School was cold, damp and dreary. Only memories of those mules and foreman I left behind spurred me to continue through the following weeks. Training was to extend for a period of four months at the Hershey Training School and for one month at the barracks of one's permanent troop. I was assigned to the troop stationed at Greensburg, a town located in the heart of the soft coal disturbances then daily growing more severe. Believe me, I wasn't pleased with the assignment. And the parting words of my father: "you, a poor coal miner's son, going out to heckle oppressed fellow miners", rang in my ears day and night. My first week was spent in a daily routine of: arising at 5:30 A. M., dressing, running two miles, practicing calisthenics, cleaning, feeding and watering the horses, cleaning the stable, washing myself, going to breakfast, being driven through muscle-tiring and bone-breaking exercises in the gymnasium morning and afternoon, caring for the horses at 6:00 P. M., dining, studying from 7:00 P. M. to 9:00 P. M. and sleeping from 10:30 P. M. until 5:30 A. M. Gymnastics left some of the troop with broken bones, others with burned flesh and the remainder with aching muscles. The worst I suffered was sprained wrists and floor burns from head to foot.

The third and last week of my stay was still further enlivened by the teaching of riding. The riding master was a hard, tobacco chewing, cussing Sergeant who had spent years in the U. S. Cavalry and years in ring circus antics. His performance atop a horse was akin to that displayed by a monkey.

Well, that tough Sergeant played atop his horse in the center of that ring morning and afternoon ever barking out commands to both the string of horses and to the rookies atop them. Several days of endless grinding out of orders, rain or shine, left the rookies broken in spirit. Men, old and young, cried like youngsters from sheer exhaustion.

A Mr. Mitchell, 31 years of age, was the cause of my failure to become a State Trooper. Though eleven years my Senior at that time, this man was in tears the entire afternoon of our third Friday in training. Every order Mr. Mitchell attempted to execute atop his horse, his cussed horse kicked. As a consequence Mr. Mitchell spent most of the afternoon chasing his horse 'round the course. About 3 P. M. of that day I was ordered to exchange horses with Mr. Mitchell. There was no stopping that trotting ring of horses. All orders were executed while in motion. I mounted that ornery steed and spent two of the toughest hours of my life atop him.

My appendix seemed to be slopping around in my shoes, and my heart to be dangling in a rubber band about my neck. I could feel the sticky blood oozing down my legs. I was raw from calf to crotch as a re-

sult of making a desperate effort to succeed. And as a climax, Mr. Mitchell, now riding to my rear, spent his leisure in calling to me in undertones, "Hey, Shamokin, let's quit. Hey, Shamokin, let's quit."

As stated, it was about 3:00 P. M. when he and I made the change in steeds; I succumbed to his pleading about 5:00 P. M. when I saw him turn his steed toward the corral in spite of the orders given by the Sergeant. I collected my salary—but not before I rubbed down that horse—and returned to Shamokin.

What my next change would be I had no idea until in September I learned, a fellow band member, temporarily thrown out of employment by the coal strike of that year, had returned to High School in order to play football.

My brother, Walter, who had had a three-year High School course, in 1924 attempted to enter Pennsylvania State College. He was instructed to return to High School for a fourth year and to enter college the following year if he still desired. At twenty two years of age, Walter entered Shamokin High School and, although employed in the coal mines of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal Company at night, he was still able to earn an almost perfect average in his subjects and to be graduated with honors in the Spring of 1925. My fellow band member's determination to enter High School at age twenty-three and my brother Walter's success were all I required to convince me that at twenty I was still young enough to return to complete my long delayed education.

Thus, late in September, 1925, I became a Freshman in Shamokin High School. I took an interest in athletics my Freshman year simply because the lack of work after school left me free to do so. At the conclusion in February 22, 1926 of the longest coal strike in anthracite history, I applied for and received a position as assistant night timberman at the Luke Fidler Colliery of the Susquehanna Collieries Company.

During my Freshman year, I was able to finish my classes at noon by properly grouping them and then leisurely to wend my way to work. My Sophomore year kept me busy until shortly after 2:00 P. M.; hence, I experienced some difficulty in getting to my place of employment by 3:00 P. M.

Inability to get any night work to coordinate with my school hours forced me to remain idle until early spring when I secured work as combined night motor-man and "driver" at No. 1 slope of the old Enterprise Coal Company.

My duties here as a night motor-man took me to every section of the mine. In all, I had six widely separated parties to supply with cars. The motor I used was a small battery motor commonly called an "Electric Mule". Although this work permitted me to start as

(Continued on Next Page)

late as 3:00 P. M., it also kept me later because of the distance between parties.

Although the roof had some tendency to permit large slabs of shale to break loose, it was able to be kept in a safe condition by means of heavy timbering. The bottom, on the other hand, was ever in motion. Alternate freezing and thawing during the winter heaved the roadway. Spring thaws and rains washed out ballast to depths equal to one-third of the length of the slope; this oft-times permitted the timbering to collapse because of the lack of mud-sill foundations.

The other driver and I alternately worked the 11:00 P. M. to 7:00 A. M. shift after completing our individual duties on the afternoon shift. I spent my spare time assisting the miners in drilling, blasting, loading, laying track, pumping, etc. in order that we might more speedily complete our work. Inasmuch as I was attending High School, I found it profitable to assist my miners so that I might complete my work shift in the minimum number of hours possible.

What should be my future course occupied most of my spare moments. I had tried 'most every occupation in the region and was still dissatisfied. Only by travelling the highway of advanced education could I hope to find my life-work. Thus, I left to enter Lehigh University as a Freshman in the Mining Engineering Curriculum. I spent my vacations in the coal mines earning money for the succeeding year at Lehigh.

During the past three years at Lehigh, I have held positions as a waiter at drivers restaurants. I have also spent several months in the machine shop of the Physiology Department assisting in making ten synchronous chronoscopes.

At the conclusion of my Freshman year, I returned

to Shamokin where I received a position from Mr. Herbert D. Kynor, superintendent of the Northumberland Coal Company.

Upon the completion of my Sophomore year at Lehigh, I attended classes in Land and Topographic Surveying and Railroad Surveying at Lake Mineola and Lake Shawnee, respectively. I returned to Shamokin on July 17 and began work on July 28 as brattice-man in No. 2 shaft of the Reading Coal and Iron Company.

For the remainder of the summer, we cleaned out and timbered approximately two hundred feet of gangway, an equal length of monkey heading, three chutes, and three "breasts". Before returning to Lehigh, I assisted in packing clay for a distance of sixty feet into the old gangway we had cleaned up and timbered.

I consider the experience I acquired at the Bear Valley in loose, broken, dangerous, steep-pitching ground the most valuable of my Fifteen Years in the Anthracite.

* * *

And thus, after having turned his poverty-stricken lot into an invaluable experience for his life-work, Nicholas Kotanchik climaxed his struggle for an education by graduating wth honors last June.

This fall he secured a job with a subsidiary of the Kopper's Koke Company, the C. C. B. Smokeless Coal company at Mt. Hope, West Virginia. On October 13, while stooping in a pool of water in this company's mine, he loosened a piece of jammed equipment in the water and then straightened up. His bare shoulder came in contact with a 250-volt locomotive line and the throbbing current held him rigidly against the wire.

His companion pried him loose with a piece of wood and a first-aid squad worked on him for four hours, but Nicholas Kotanchik never regained consciousness.

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FIFTY-TWO FIFTY

(Continued from Page 23)

did not say anything for about five minutes only stood looking at us awful mad like until I could not look back at him any longer I was so scared.

Then he said to Steve you are a damm fool and so are a lot of your brothers and I have told you enough about this and now you are going to have to pay the fine or go to jail and with that he put on his hat and went out.

Right away I stopped being scared for I still had five dollars left from what you had sent me and I went out to the cop and pulled out my wallet and said how much is the fine for both of us and he looked at me and then laughed and said fifty two dollars and fifty two cents a piece and then I fainted.

And then after I felt better I remembered what you told me about always being my friend and helping me if I got into trouble and I sent the telegram asking you for fifty two dollars and I was going to pay the fifty two cents myself but you were not my friend and did not send the money and Steve and I had to stay in jail all night.

The next morning Mr. McConn came down and paid our fines and said that we should both pay him back as soon as we could get the money from home and then he made an appointment with Steve and me to come to his office Thursday afternoon to have a talk with him, but I am not going as I am too ashamed and besides I am leaving school on Friday as I have been kicked off the football squad and am on probation and cant pay the dean what I owe him.

So you see what your not being a friend to me has done and I shall never live down the disgrace and I only want to get Flossie and go away to uncle Toms ranch where no one will know me.

Yours truly,
Harvey Whit

TELEGRAM
MR. HARVEY WHIT JR.
BETHLEHEM, PA.

HIGHTON PA.
OCTOBER 18, 1934
4:10 P. M.

HAVE SENT THE FIFTY TWO DOLLARS TO DEAN MCCONN YOU STAY RIGHT IN BETHLEHEM AND FACE THE MUSIC OR WE WONT BE FRIENDS SORRY THIS HAPPENED BUT CONSIDER IT PART OF YOUR EDUCATION. WILL TELL NO ONE

YOUR FRIEND
HARVEY WHIT SR.

BEACH COMBERS

(Continued from Page 13)

about some religion and being strong enough to stand by his own convictions, he had been forced to leave home and school. After wandering from place to place about the world for several years, he had settled in this spot in the tropics, where he could live with complete simplicity, reading and thinking as he chose. He seldom saw white men there and rarely went out to cities. He fished and worked enough to furnish his food; he never knew sickness or unhappiness. His life was utterly purposeless and useless so far as our world is concerned — but why not? He was happy.

To Tamontaka, Mindanao, I had gone once for a short trip. Tamontaka is not a town but simply a little native ferry across the Tamontaka River, (which is reputed to have crocodiles twenty-five feet long in it). While I was standing on the bank of the river miles from the nearest white man, looking at some Moro out-rigger boats that were tied up there, I was suddenly startled with, "Oh I say there! This is certainly a surprise and a pleasure!" in a strong English accent. Turning to see from whom whom this had come, I saw a big negro coming toward me with outstretched hand, his teeth flashing in a wide grin of welcome. We were soon trading stories. He had been a steward on an English passenger ship and though his life aboard ship had been comparatively easy and profitable, he had decided that a place such as Tamontaka, far off the beaten track, would be far more full of ease and intrinsic profits, so there he had come. He had built a crude little rice mill and by running it occasionally for the natives, had easily made sufficient money in those several years to supply his needs. And — the same story as always — had plenty of time to do as he liked in a beach-combing way and never dreamed of leaving.

Not far from where this negro was there lives a young American, son of an officer in the United States Army. He lives there with a native wife, with his books and fishing tackle. His father has been to see him several times, it is said, in unsuccessful attempts to bring him back to the States. The life of the tropics, the sea, the jungle, the swaying palms the luscious fruits, warm days and nights, warm rains, life of comfort, irresponsibility, and simplicity have far greater appeal to him. To him as well as to all others who have lived of the life of the beach-comber in the tropics, be he an aristocratic beach-comber or a plain one, the life is more meaningful and more worth while than any other. And why not?



The Faculty and The Student

N EARLY every undergraduate has at some time or other during his years at Lehigh had the misfortune of having a class with an instructor who was definitely lacking in some point that was essential for effective teaching. Possible causes of poor teaching may vary from an unpleasant mannerism to complete incompetence in the field taught. Some of these causes could be remedied very simply if they were called to the instructor's attention; others require more drastic action.

At present there is no method for these defects to be brought to the attention of the proper person. Undergraduates naturally dislike complaining about an instructor to the head of the department. So the student grumbles to his classmates; he feels that he is not getting what he should from his course; he may acquire an active dislike for the instructor and through him for the course and the department, but beyond the grumbling little is ever done.

In a few cases, where there is definite incompetence on the part of an instructor, the department is surely aware of the situation and refrains from action for some obscure reason, perhaps from sentiment, or misguided kindness. Sentiment and kindness are splendid qualities except when they run directly counter to the best interests of the students. It is certainly unfair to students to have them attend a class, for which privilege they spend ten dollars a semester hour, under a totally incompetent or uninspiring instructor.

In many other cases the department heads are probably unaware of unfortunate classroom conditions. In the majority of these cases the department head could and would correct the situation if he were aware of it. Unfortunately it is very difficult for department heads

and the administration adequately to judge an instructor's ability and methods of instruction.

A plan to remedy such conditions has been in force at M. I. T. for the past six years and has been successfully effective. A committee consisting of six faculty members and six or eight student members hears complaints of students and endeavors to ascertain facts and consider remedies. S. C. Prescott, Dean of Science of M. I. T. said of this committee in a recent letter: "Our committee works very quietly, makes few or no reports, except to the administration, and has as its main function the consideration of complaints arising among the students regarding methods of teaching, over-work, inability to hear the lecturers, maladjustment of laboratory hours, insufficiency of assistants in laboratory courses, etc."

A committee similar to that at M. I. T. is needed here at Lehigh. Faculty membership, however, would hinder free student opinion and criticism. A student committee composed of responsible seniors is indicated. We suggest for this committee a group of students of proved ability and judgment — the senior members of Tau Beta Pi and Phi Beta Kappa, whose members are scattered throughout the departments of the University. The members of these two societies should be called together in May by the president of Tau Beta Pi. The meeting of the committee should be secret. It would consider complaints and criticisms by its members and by students reporting them to members prior to the meeting. Such criticisms as were considered valid by the committee, together with possible remedies, would be communicated directly to President Richards for his consideration and action.

Such a committee would be of value both to the students and the administration.

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